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HOW OLD ART THOU?

THE season puts the question to the reader, not we. It is not we that say, Come, let us sit down awhile and meditate upon the swift flight of years; — it is the Time that speaks. Is the question worth answering? Sometimes we have a dreary misgiving that it is not, that what hath been shall be, however much we meditate and moralize. But the question shall be heard nevertheless, were it only to meet this dismal doubt, and learn whether it is indeed so, — whether it is settled that we are the creatures of circumstance, that we have no spiritual or moral power, that we are steeped in slumber and cannot arouse and so join ourselves unto Christ as to get victories. Are we for ever given up to the pursuit of wealth, the slavery of fashion, the pride of learning, — to luxury and indolence? If so, we ought not to talk any longer about happy New Years. But the case cannot be so hopeless. The world is not forsaken of God. There shall come new life with the new Time.

How old art thou? — or, how young? — for the question

comes to those whose days on the earth have not been many, and for whom it is likely there are long years in store. For the young it is a word of hope and good cheer; no dark past throws forward a heavy shadow; choice opportunities await them; they are strong; their hearts beat fast; the clogs of habit are not nailed to their feet; it may be a beautiful, blessed world that lies out before them. They are young, and yet old enough to hear the voice of conscience, to accept the spirit of Christ, to form a high, clear purpose of holy living, according to the law of the Gospel, — old enough to be patient, brave, and hopeful disciples of Jesus Christ, — old enough to forsake the evil and choose the good. Would that the lesson of the season might reach the hearts of those who are not yet old in worldliness; whose thoughts and lives have as yet taken no definite direction; who may exercise that blessed privilege of coming freely to the Father through the Son, in the joy and hope of youth, of their own choice, and not fleeing to him as a refuge when all else has failed. Could those who are but just entering upon manhood or womanhood only realize how many are praying to God vainly that he would give back to them the years which have been wasted in frivolity and sin, — how many would give the whole world, if they had it, to be again at the threshold of life, no awful sorrow rooted in the memory, — they would not let this season pass without recording a solemn vow, as in the presence of Him who helpeth our poor hearts, to make their days beautiful with an unaffected piety, bright with shining deeds, distinguished by an unspotted purity, a tender humanity, a spirit of self-sacrifice. Seek first the kingdom of God. Trust him to make you as happy as you need to be. He is our true portion.

How old art thou? More years, it may be, added to the past, fewer remaining for the embodiment of purposes in deeds, — years not a few that we recall with no great satisfaction, — opportunities lost, treasures of God selfishly misused, idle words for which no account can be rendered. How

old art thou? Old enough, it may be, in months and years, but children in understanding, in Christian energy, in the life of love. No pleasant retrospect! And yet not for this reason to be avoided, but the contrary rather. Let facts be facts, and let them be known! If any one is throwing away his life upon trifles, let him realize it. It is better to judge ourselves, than to wait for God to enter into judgment with us. If we are old enough to be devoted Christians, redeemed, consecrated, given to prayers and charities, and are not, — if we have not yet in any good sense begun to be that, — it is better to know it. The occasion is a blessed one which compels us to think upon it, for the door is not yet shut, the day is not yet spent; we may at least begin, and through Christ even those who have sinned much may repent and be forgiven.

How old art thou? Words cannot be needed to press the question, when the sun of life is already hastening to its setting. Surely it cannot be necessary to add anything to the solemn admonition which tells of a world from which we must soon relax our grasp, of those treasures which alone can be carried with us to our true home, of the heart of faith and love which shall live for ever.

How old art thou? The question relates no longer to years, many or few. Time is but an accident. Only what is done and suffered in time concerns us. Years may be crowded into a day, and there are days that are like years for length and wearisomeness. How much real work have we ever done? — how much that supplied any deep human want, fenced out any portion of the howling wilderness that works its way in at every unguarded point, — how much abstract truth have we translated into visible, tangible life, — how much sorrow have we converted, through a sweet Christian patience, into a pure and blessed experience, — tell us that, and we will tell the number of the soul's years, its childhood or its manhood. Sometimes men live long lives, and go through respectably a vast amount of earthly work, before

the soul is born into even a healthy infancy. There are fathers and mothers who are younger in these respects than their children. "Wisdom is gray hairs," and yet who is so young, so vigorous, or hopeful, as they who have done their uttermost through a long life, and so have nourished to a healthy maturity that inward man of thought and feeling which survives the body's decay? Such true souls know that their existence has only begun; each new year of faithful living awakens in their minds a fresh assurance of the everlasting life. The youngest may be the oldest, and the oldest may be the youngest. How old art thou? means, What has been thy progress in the attainment of that spiritual vigor which, though it may be old age on earth, is youth in heaven?

How old art thou? It is a question for the whole Church, as well as for each individual soul. The answer would be, More than eighteen hundred years. All that time has Christ been with us. Can it be? Christ with us, and yet so many childish strifes and divisions, such a childish over-estimate of forms and ceremonies, such a childish shrinking from the real contests of the world? Yes, for though Christ has been with us, we have not been with him. He has been too often only a meek suppliant outside of the door of the heart, passion and pride steadily resisting his admission. Blessed Lord Jesus! let not our wilfulness and wickedness grieve thee away! The Church has still almost a whole life in the future. She must not count anything perfectly attained; she must not, until she has become more worthy of the Divine Head, boast of her antiquity, lest her age be reckoned a second childhood.

If these questions shall bring to a point any more sober yet vague thoughts, their purpose will have been answered. Let faith and hope dictate the replies. Under God, faith and hope command the future. It stands before us solemn and veiled, its grief and its gladness alike hidden; for God is merciful to our feeble eyes, and keeps back what is to be

on the morrow, because sufficient unto the day are the evil and the good thereof. And yet He who so baffles our foolish curiosity is all light to guide our steps into the way of divine and human service, and we say, Blessed human life! Blessed year upon the earth, fresh from the Giver's infinite fulness! for faith and hope are offered to us with our new days, and they are empowered of God to transform all things. It is easy to draw a dark picture of the world, because it is a dark world; easy enough to show that the skies are threatening, and the times bad; but faith and hope live and rejoice in the very midst of darkness, the hour of struggle is specially theirs, and by virtue of them man stands up amidst the rush of years and the march of events, a living force. Come life or death, come joy or sorrow, this new year shall be a good year for all who are old enough, mature enough, to believe and hope. The world is in His hands who made it; our business is not so much to speculate upon its fortunes and fate, as to obey Him. Our work lies very near home. Society advances but slowly, sometimes, as in the case of the heavenly bodies, with apparent retrogradings. The smaller world, the individual man, may move on with rapid strides, and enter the state of freedom and blessedness which does not come yet for the race. Christianity puts its great questions and announces its great truths to each soul, if by any means it can save one. It says, "Except *a man* be born again, he shall not see the kingdom of God." Who is too young, who is too old, to see this kingdom, and enter into it?

R. E.

"Death wears an aspect of horror, only to cultivate in the mind feelings which should be transferred to another's death. We know that, as all true life is divine in its origin and character, all life opposed to this must be death; and from that moment our strongest desire is that this death may itself die."

CHARACTER OF SAMUEL HOAR.

[In kindly yielding to our request that he would prepare some notice of his late fellow-townsman and friend for these pages, the author of the following article has put himself to the inconvenience of treating a subject that he had recently treated elsewhere. For that reason, and because all that he has written respecting Mr. Hoar will have peculiar value to every reader, we copy, at the end of the article, a large part of the paper published in "Putnam's Monthly" for December. — Ed.]

Mr. Hoar was distinguished in his profession by the grasp of his mind and by the simplicity of his means. His ability lay in the clear apprehension and the powerful statement of the material points of his case. He soon possessed it, and he never possessed it better, and he was equally ready at any moment to state the facts. He saw what was essential, and rejected whatever was not, so that no man embarrassed himself less with a needless array of books and evidences of contingent value.

These tactics of the lawyer were the tactics of his life. He had uniformly the air of knowing just what he wanted, and of going to that in the shortest way. It is singular that his character should make so deep an impression, standing and working as he did on so common a ground. He was neither spiritualist nor man of genius, nor of a literary nor an executive talent. In strictness, the vigor of his understanding was directed on the ordinary domestic and municipal well-being. Society had reason to cherish him, for he was a main pillar on which it leaned. The useful and practical superabounded in his mind, and to a degree which might be even comic to young and poetical persons. If he spoke of the engagement of two lovers, he called it a contract. Nobody cared to speak of thoughts or aspirations to a black-letter lawyer, who only studied to keep men out of prison, and their lands out of attachment. Had you read Swedenborg or Plotinus to him, he would have waited till you had done, and answered you out of the Revised Statutes. He had an affinity

for mathematics, but it was a taste rather than a pursuit, and of the modern sciences he liked to read popular books on geology. Yet so entirely was this respect to the ground-plan and substructure of society a natural ability, and from the order of his mind, and not for "tickling commodity," that it was admirable, as every work of nature is, and like one of those opaque crystals, big beryls weighing tons, which are found in Acworth, New Hampshire, not less perfect in their angles and structure, and only less beautiful, than the transparent topazes and diamonds. Meantime, whilst his talent and his profession led him to guard the material wealth of society, a more disinterested person did not exist. And if there were regions of knowledge not open to him, he never pretended to them. His modesty was sincere. He had a childlike innocence and a native temperance, which left him no temptations, and enabled him to meet every comer with a free and disengaged courtesy, that had no memory in it

"Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled."

No person was more keenly alive to the stabs which the ambition and avarice of men inflicted on the commonwealth, yet when politicians or speculators approached him, these memories left no scar; his countenance had an unalterable tranquillity and sweetness; he had nothing to repent of, — let the cloud rest where it might, he dwelt in eternal sunshine.

He had his birth and breeding in a little country town, where the old religion existed in strictness, and spent all its energy in creating purity of manners and careful education. No art or practice of the farm was unknown to him, and the farmers greeted him as one of themselves, whilst they paid due homage to his powers of mind and to his virtues. He loved the dogmas and the simple usages of his church; was always an honored and sometimes an active member. He never shrank from a disagreeable duty. In the time of

the Sunday laws, he was a tithingman; under the Maine Law, he was a prosecutor of the liquor-dealer. It seemed as if the New England Church had formed him to be its friend and defender, the lover and assured friend of its parish by-laws, of its ministers, its rites, and its social reforms.

He was a model of those formal but reverend manners which make what is called a gentleman of the old school, so called under an impression that the style is passing away, but which, I suppose, is an optical illusion, as there are always a few more of the class remaining, and always a few young men to whom those manners are native.

I have spoken of his modesty; he had nothing to say about himself; and his sincere admiration was commanded by certain heroes of the profession, like Judge Parsons and Judge Marshall, Mr. Mason and Mr. Webster. When some one said, in his presence, that Chief Justice Marshall was failing in his intellect, Mr Hoar remarked that "Judge Marshall could afford to lose brains enough to furnish three or four common men, before common men would find it out." He had a huge respect for Mr. Webster's ability, with whom he had often occasion to try his strength at the bar, and a proportionately deep regret at Mr. Webster's political course in his later years.

There was no elegance in his reading or tastes beyond the crystal clearness of his mind. He had no love of poetry, and I have heard that the only verse he was ever known to quote was the Indian rule:

> "When the oaks are in the gray,
> Then, farmers, plant away."

But I find an elegance in his quiet but firm withdrawal from all business in the courts, which he could drop without manifest detriment to the interests involved, (and this when in his best strength,) and his self-dedication thenceforward to unpaid services of the Temperance and Peace and other philanthropic societies, the Sunday Schools, the cause of Education, and specially of the University; and to such

political activities as a strong sense of duty and the love of order and of freedom urged him to forward.

Perfect in his private life, the husband, father, friend, he was severe only with himself. He was as if on terms of honor with those nearest him, nor did he think a lifelong familiarity could excuse any omission of courtesy from him. He carried ceremony finely to the last. But his heart was all gentleness, gratitude, and bounty.

> With beams December planets dart,
> His cold eye truth and conduct scanned ;
> July was in his sunny heart,
> October in his liberal hand.
>
> R. W. E.

[EXTRACTS.]

"He was a very natural, but a very high character, — a man of simple tastes, plain and true in speech, with a clear perception of justice, and a perfect obedience thereto in his action, — of a strong understanding, precise and methodical, which gave him great eminence in the legal profession. It was rather his reputation for severe method in his intellect, than any special direction in his studies, that caused him to be offered the mathematical chair in Harvard University, when vacant, in 1806. The severity of his logic might have inspired fear, had it not been restrained by his natural reverence, which made him modest and courteous, though his courtesy had a grave and almost military air.

"He combined a uniform self-respect with a natural reverence for every other man; so that it was perfectly easy for him to associate with farmers, and with plain, uneducated, poor men, and he had a strong, unaffected interest in farms, and crops, and weathers, and the common incidents of rural life. It was just as easy for him to meet, on the same floor, and with the same plain courtesy, men of distinction and large ability. He was fond of farms and trees, fond of birds,

and attentive to their manners and habits; addicted to long and retired walks; temperate to asceticism, for no lesson of his experience was lost on him, and his self-command was perfect. Though rich, of a plainness and almost poverty of personal expenditure, yet liberal of his money to any worthy use, readily lending it to young men, and industrious men, and by no means eager to reclaim of them either the interest or the principal. He was open-handed to every charity, and every public claim that had any show of reason in it. When I talked with him one day of some inequality of taxes in the town, he said, 'It was his practice to pay whatever was demanded; for though he might think the taxation large, and very unequally apportioned, yet he thought the money might as well go in this way as in any other.'

"The strength and the beauty of the man lay in the natural goodness and justice of his mind, which, in manhood and in old age, after dealing all his life with weighty private and public interests, left an infantile innocence, of which we have no second or third example, — the strength of a chief united to the modesty of a child. He returned from courts or Congresses to sit down, with unaltered humility, in the church or in the town-house, on the plain wooden bench, where honor came and sat down beside him.

"He was a man in whom so rare a spirit of justice visibly dwelt, that, if one had met him in a cabin, or in a forest, he must still seem a public man, answering as sovereign state to sovereign state; and might easily suggest Milton's picture of John Bradshaw, that 'he was a consul from whom the fasces did not depart with the year, but in private seemed ever sitting in judgment on kings.' Everybody knew where to find him. What he said, that would he do. But he disdained any arts in his speech: he was not adorned with any graces of rhetoric:

'But simple truth his utmost skill.'

So cautious was he, and tender of the truth, that he sometimes wearied his audience with the pains he took to qualify

and verify his statements, adding clause on clause to do justice to all his conviction. He had little or no power of generalization. But a plain way he had of putting his statement with all his might, and now and then borrowing the aid of a good story, or a farmer's phrase, whose force had imprinted it on his memory, and, by the same token, his hearers were bound to remember his point.

"The impression he made on juries was honorable to him and them. For a long term of years, he was at the head of the bar in Middlesex, practising also in the adjoining counties. He had one side or the other of every important case, and his influence was reckoned despotic, and sometimes complained of as a bar to public justice. Many good stories are still told of the perplexity of jurors, who found the law and the evidence on one side, and yet Squire Hoar had said, that he believed, on his conscience, his client entitled to a verdict. And what Middlesex jury, containing any God-fearing men in it, would hazard an opinion in flat contradiction to what Squire Hoar believed to be just? He was entitled to this respect; for he discriminated in the business that was brought to him, and would not argue a rotten cause, and he refused very large sums offered him to undertake the defence of criminal persons.

"His head, with singular grace in its lines, had a resemblance to the bust of Dante. He retained to the last the erectness of his tall but slender form, and not less the full strength of his mind. Such was, in old age, the beauty of his person and carriage, as if the mind radiated, and made the same impression of probity on all beholders."

THE POSSIBLE POWER OF A MINORITY.

A SERMON BY REV. EDWARD E. HALE.

GEN. xviii. 32: — "And he said, O let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: Peradventure ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake."

TEN righteous men would have saved Sodom. There were not ten there, and Sodom was destroyed. The few verses of the old Hebrew narrative do not offer points enough for us to attempt their explanation. A fragment, without beginning or end, the little story is a mystery, and must remain a mystery. But the truth appears in it, that ten upright men could have saved even the most dissolute city, in the eye of God. And that truth is worth study now. We can only begin to illustrate it in the little we know of Sodom. But we will find ample illustration in the affairs of the world of to-day.

Ten righteous men can save a city! In a moment we will see how. But, preliminary even to that search, here is a deep lesson. Here is an eternal warning against any undue worship of a majority. These ten men would have been in a minority in Sodom, — in a minority hardly to be estimated on a count of men. Yet they would have had power enough to be the Lord's instruments in saving that city.

A lesson this, deep and grave! For us, a lesson specially grave. For our political system is apt to lead us to forget this possible power of a minority. We are led by it to forget the great probability that a minority best understands the absolute right. For certain special purposes, we intrust an external government to the majority of our voters. The world's experience shows that this is the safest, the most peaceable, trust which can be made of such power. Gladly we intrust it so. Loyally, we obey it there. But, for all that, we do not pretend that we always secure the best rulers so. The principle is simply this, — that if to the party which has the numbers, the physical strength, we fairly give

the official power, and the responsibility of it, we shall at least gain peace and order, — we shall be free from civil war. The government may make mistakes, but it will have force enough behind to give it strength. And, at least, more than half the people, if responsible for its mistakes, will, at first, be pleased with them, and, when displeased, can undo them. This is all that our system claims. It was all the great men claimed who established it. It is all that the great men claim who sustain it. It is only the wretched theorists of Europe, all-unconscious of its power for peace and self-renewal, who claim for it anything more. It is only blindness which ridicules it, as monarchical writers like Carlyle have done, as if it made any claim to a divine wisdom in its decisions.

We who sustain a republican system, and our fathers who made it, claim that it secures internal *peace*, and the real self-government of separate homes, as no other system does. If there is any temptation to mistake this, to bow down and worship the accidental majority of a day, in such histories as this of Sodom is the eternal warning. If you are taunted, as the Old World taunts you, because your government is not always trusted to your best men, or your next best, — because the probability is, taking higher and lower offices together, that it will be trusted to *average* men, — your answer, as Christian men, will be, that the Lord can work by minorities as well as by majorities. No power of his is trusted simply to men in office. They do his work in their way, and it may be a little way. But if he have greater work to do than they have hearts or souls to grasp, he trusts it to other hearts. To this unknown minority in Sodom, if only ten could have been rallied to the work, he would have intrusted the redemption of that city. Its governors had failed him! God be praised there is no mention of a clergy there! If clergy there were, they had failed him! But notwithstanding that, had there been ten righteous men, without insignia of office, without the wretched disgrace of the

respect of that miserable people, they should still, in their humility, and in their insignificance, have been the real rulers, — the real saviours of a nation on the brink of ruin! Twenty such were better than ten; thirty better than twenty; fifty better than thirty; but if there be ten only, why, majorities are nothing against Omnipotence; for their sake, with their hands, saith the Lord, I will save the guilty city which flings itself away!

There were not ten! When Lot came to rally his forces, he found himself, his wife, his two daughters, and their two husbands. Here are but six, all told! And the two young men will not hear to him; they turn away. And the four flee. And his wife is faithless, and turns back; and he and his own blood are all who are saved from Sodom!

That is what did happen. But let us see what might have happened. From to-day's experience let us find something, first, of what those ten men would have done, and then of what they would have been, for Sodom. Ten men who believed in God! Ten men who loved God! Ten men who only loved themselves because God's children who could serve God. They have such power!

First, because their power always extends itself. It never dies. But the adverse powers of this beastly, selfish populace of Sodom around them — whether high, low, rich, or poor — will thwart each other, oppose each other, and perish almost as soon as they begin.

The ten men may not know each other, by sight or by name. They are living, perhaps, in different precincts of the town. They are in different callings. They are in different classes of society, and belong to different sects in religion. And yet they are all working together, as sure as the planets do around the sun, — planets which very likely have not discovered each other in the distance, — for they are obeying one law, loving one Father. Not more surely do the different aids of a Napoleon bear to different parts of a field of Austerlitz orders which harmonize together, than do these ten

men act together in a concurrent system. And the rest of the city is in rivalry and jealousy; if it affects a fashionable ease, that but conceals a boiling sea of fashion-bred distrust, — each thwarting each, — the strong succeed only by the overplus of their power beyond the power of the weak, and all the rest is absorbed and thrown away. While our ten, bound together by an unseen tie, press on together all the while.

They have this power of union, however they be parted. And now let us suppose them parted, and still try to follow out a few of the lines of life in which they will be obeying their God, and saving Sodom for him.

First, because we have it in the history, here is the cause which Lot was following. Alas that he had no helpers, known or unknown, — that the great destruction did not discover to him one, in any precinct, in any calling, in any class of society, who had been helping in his work! Lot welcomed two strangers coming into the city. Such a task had he. Such a task could any man take in hand, and need no capital or other means to discharge it well save that he lived there, and knew the town and its people. We know nothing of Sodom. But of other towns, of later towns, it is easy to see how great a helper of their salvation even one man would be who righteously, in the fear of God, set himself to welcoming the strangers who come to them. We know what it is to have wayfarers from other lands pour in, — hardly knowing our language, not knowing our customs; without work, because they do not know how to work; clannish, because in the midst of strangers; and ignorant, because from a land of ignorance. We have seen quite enough, quite too much, of the fatal facility with which such strangers fall into vice, crime, — into the poor-house and the prison. So we can see, already, what a work for our salvation the man takes in hand who, in the humblest life or in the highest, sets himself to welcoming these strangers, and making them at home. He finds what

they are good for. He brings them to the eager capital which wants such men, but cannot stop to look for them. He relieves them from their loneliness. He can teach them, if need be, his language or its letters. He can break in on their clannishness. He can throw light on their ignorance. And so far he saves them from vice, from crime, — from the poor-house, from the prison; and saving them, he saves the city. Were he our humblest citizen, he becomes one of our guardians. It is that exact righteousness of his to which the Lord has intrusted our salvation!

That was, so far as we know, the one duty fulfilled in the old Canaanite city; and it was not enough. The people themselves were corrupt; and one righteous man caring for strangers did not save them. He lost even those of his own household. He fled, and the city was destroyed.

If there had been one other of the ten men whom Abraham hoped for there, it seems as if he would have taken in charge the city's own, — caring first for the children growing up to waste in the town. If such a man had said that those grown old in sins, such as he saw there, were hopeless, we should hardly wonder. He would have begun upon the children. At least he could have the orphans to act upon. No one in all Sodom could dispute his claim there. And then the motherless or the fatherless would be turned over to him by the surviving father or mother. The very spirit of selfishness would so work with him, and give to him such prizes. And then the very drunkenness of a father would perhaps send to him one or another or another child to care for. So does even Satan serve the servants of the Lord! That man, that woman, who in such care for the neglected children of a town attempts to save it, works with the alliance of the only omnipotent power of earth. That power is Time. Time, which destroys pyramids, Time, which destroys nations, Time, which pulls kings from their thrones and statesmen from their triumphs, — Time works with these helpers of children; and each year adds to the strength with

which they labor. The young man who begins in life by befriending in one month one child, in another month another, in the next another, — so that they seek his good opinion, — so that they would regret to disappoint him, — so that they beg for his advice, — so that, as they grow up, they hurry to him with their good news, — be it in trade, in reading, or in love, — he has made allies who are stronger every day, while the powers round him when he started are weaker every day. The rising generation of a sudden finds itself the present generation. The person who should undertake this duty, as far as I have supposed, — and that is not a case impossible, — might well live to see a legion of five hundred men and women, whom his care, in their childhood, had saved from the flesh and the lusts of it, — saved to themselves, to the world, and to God. And what Sodom is there which such a legion will not redeem?

Other laborers cannot expect to be always helped by time. You take care of the sick; or you clothe, feed, and warm the beggar; or you find healthy stimulus, instead of fatal stimulus, for the drunkard; or you open up a new line of manufacture, or of other enterprise, for those who have nothing to do, — and it may not be that time helps you. But all the elements of moral power help you. The perpetual enlargement of moral power helps you. It is contagious. The power of gratitude and love runs through the hospital where your patients lie, faster than pestilence would. They rise more ready to go and do likewise than they came there. The native passion for light helps you. You cannot let light once in upon ignorant minds, and find afterwards that they have forgotten the new luxury. There are no steps backward. That step, once taken, is gained for ever. So that the same untold power of multiplication, which has extended in our memory three miles of railway into a web-work over the nation, — and a few feet of telegraph in like wise, — which carries everywhere a new book which is worth it, or a new toy, or a new machine, making each person

who sees it in some sort an agent who carries it farther, — works for this salvation in which these ten righteous men are engaged. At the first blush, it would not seem extravagant to claim that every such man, wholly devoted to God's cause, would win three or four more like him to it, in a year of toil for the city, for the world; — that in three years each of the ten could gain other ten to the right, and to heaven. But that is extravagant. For then, in three years, there would be at least a hundred so at work in the cause; in three more, a thousand; in three more, ten thousand; and they would not need thirty years of such progress to redeem to righteousness a thousand million of God's children, were there so many on the surface of his world. That much we will not claim for them. But only this, — that, because there is such a reality as moral power, it may rely on this positive principle of enlargement for its victories.

I will say nothing more about detailed methods of action. For, simply, I do not believe there is any very great difficulty, when one has resolved to serve the Lord, and not himself, in finding what to do, as God's child and minister. Let one really seek to save one of God's cities for him, and the duty next his hand will appear. His own ability, nay, his own taste, will decide in which walk, of many, he shall labor. It may be in the cure of the city's sick, or in the prevention of disease, — in care for the cleanliness, in care for the temperance, in care for the amusements, of the town. The external needs of the town may call upon him, — its drainage, its ventilation, its safety from fire or pestilence. Or its political needs may call on his awakened conscience. Or he may work for its social needs; as for the cure of its jealousies of caste; the cure, by friendly, easy society, of its selfishness; the cure, by stern silence, of its love of slander. Such efforts, and others like them, in a hundred walks, suggest themselves as soon as the desire rises.

I say nothing more of them, that we may speak now of

the other form of power, — the silent power which these ten men would have had in Sodom, by the mere force of character. Immediate success is no measure of strength. Let us see what power they would have had, not measured by what they *did*, but rather by what they *were*, — by what all men knew they were.

Imagine, even in a Sodom, these ten men or women, never bending to meanness, never abiding falsehood, steadily minding their own duty, and known to be wholly intolerant of lies, of licentiousness, of cruelty, or of profanity. Such ten centres suppose there are, where are ten people of character; ten workshops or drawing-rooms where those who come and go know that for the time they must control themselves. "In this place, before this man, I must not let slip an oath; I must not be detected in a lie; I must not make a coarse, immodest jest. While I am with him, I must affect to be a man." Even in a dissolute community, among men licentious or profane, that much respect is paid, must be paid, to rectitude and heaven. Be it from no higher motive than the consideration which humors a crazy man in his insanity, still from some motive it is rendered. For some motive, even these wretched, guilt-stained sons of a guilty city must occasionally affect to be pure. Such *reminiscence* have they of what they were, or of what they ought to be. And so in every city, — in cities which are not guilt-stained, — in cities like ours, of well-meaning, eager, active men. It must be, it will be, that the deference, conscious or unconscious, with which such men regard men of known, tried integrity, reacts upon themselves. It purifies their own eagerness. It refines their own integrity. Take such times as we can all remember, when there comes on some deluge, unexpected, unprepared for, and sweeps over all old *political* landmarks. You know how, through our country, at such times, we look round on certain men of character to see where they are, — how certain mountain-tops stand, which first appear above the subsiding flood. Of doing good for example's sake, I

have nothing to say. But the being firm, resting upon the Rock of Ages, — so that whatever flood comes, you stand, — whatever surf rolls over you, you are not rolled up by it on any sandy beach, — that is a religious necessity to *you;* and it is a necessity of which one of the rewards is, that you become a landmark to many a tempest-tost sailor, who is still flung about by the vehemence of the gale.

Such a service would ten such righteous render to any city. Such anchorage would they give it in any hurricane. Thus much would they hold it, in its wild convulsions, heavings, and tossings. And if there were *ten*, it would be anchorage enough for its future safety to be dated from. Eddies all around those ten workshops, those ten homes, those ten living souls, would draw one man this way, and one that, — would dash many poor navigators against each other and destroy them. But in all those whirlpools, all those quicksands, here are ten fixed rocks. Where they are, all is firm. And to their sides shall cling the shipwrecked seaman. Around them shall cluster the wreck which the eddying waters fling up in scorn. And a saved city, prosperous and righteous, a very Venice, stolen even from the deep, shall be the testimony to all time that those ten homes were there!

The precise requisition, you see, made on Abraham for the safety of the city was for such firm and fixed righteousness. If there *are* ten. No word even about their action. Perhaps they cannot act; perhaps their hands are tied. Perhaps the mob imprisons them, or drowns their true words with its drum-beat. Still, if there *are* ten, — if they exist there, — rocks for anchorage, — the city shall be safe. I am afraid that we forget *this* sometimes. Perhaps our intense desire to be in action — the fitting desire of our age — sometimes becomes morbid. Perhaps the eagerness of our days, their high-wrought activity, persuades us that they do not "serve, who only stand and wait." This

convention of women, in session this last week,* asking where and what is their duty, their field for labor, may perhaps indicate a dread, that, where there is no labor, there is no duty. A point this on which it is impossible that you should misunderstand me. I think I never preach rest where you can find field of action. There is no doubt — *you* and *I* know there is no doubt — that the tendency of this age, the will of God for it, is advance, action, marching, and fast marching. Still, none the less is it true that God will show to each man the work he has to do; and the man or the woman from whom he keeps back till to-morrow the revelation of that work, has *no* need to sigh or weep, as if in *being* righteous, in waiting to-day faithful for to-morrow, like these ten rocks in Sodom, in keeping the unmoving beacon trimmed and burning, there were not duty, and the highest duty, even in our active times.

It has happened, I dare say, to some of you who hear me, to have visited, in the country life of the past summer, the highest summit of our Blue Hills. You have enjoyed the magnificent inland prospect there. You have been silent before the unspeakable glory of the ocean. But it may easily have happened that you have left the summit, and returned home, without seeing or thinking of one of the most curious, one of the most wonderful objects you might have noticed there. You have trodden it under foot, in the very contempt of forgetfulness. It is a copper bolt, covered with moss and dirt, driven into the highest rock of the summit. Men of science placed it there years since. There it has stayed, unnoticed. There it will stay. It does nothing. It says nothing. But it *is* there, in the right place, and it means to stay there. It marks one of the points of one of the triangles whose unseen lines have been thrown over the whole State, from the sea to the Hudson; the handwriting they are which tells to a

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* At New York.

finger's breadth, if rightly questioned, where on the land or water of the Commonwealth the questioner may be. If, years hence, — if, centuries hence, — there should be need anywhere along this coast to ask that question anew, and to probe it to the bottom, there this bolt will be, ready for its share of the fatal answer. It does not speak the while, it does not act; but it is not too much to say, that the seaman scudding before the gale, centuries hence, and just weathering the breakers, as he rounds into the shelter of the outstretched arm of Massachusetts, shall owe his life, that night owe the grateful tears of his wife, owe the welcome caresses of his children, to the patient gallantry with which that bolt shall outlive contempt, outlive forgetfulness, outlive neglect, and keep its place firm rooted in a Rock of Ages! Such blessing is there in the endurance of one of man's humblest servants. How much more in the righteous endurance of a living man!

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

Christianity is a power of slow though sure growth, and many centuries must be added to the eighteen already past before society can be organized into a truly Christian form. This can take place only when a decided majority of the members of society shall become genuine followers of the Lord; not merely acknowledging him externally, but worshipping him with a sincere bowing down of the internal nature. At the present day, so many of the laws, the customs, and the fashions of society are in direct opposition to the spirit of Christianity, that we are forced to feel that with the controlling multitude Christianity is a nominal and not a real thing. Still we must not be discouraged, for the Divine Providence overrules all things; and by looking back

through the ages, and seeing how much has, under Providence, been done to bring society out of heathenism into something which is at least a preparation for Christian order, we may be strengthened in hope, and should strive, each in his own place and sphere, to do something to help on the coming of a better day.

Christian duties naturally divide themselves into two classes,—the private and the social,—those which belong to us as individuals, and those which we exercise in relation to society. Social duties may be classed under three heads, as they relate to the laws, or to the customs, or to the fashions of society. Every one will admit that we have duties to perform in relation to the laws of the land, and perhaps to its customs; but most persons seem to think that with fashion duty has very little, if anything, to do. Certainly there are fashions which have no moral relations, which are merely harmless conventionalisms; but it is as certain that there are other fashions which involve principles, and which, if those principles be wrong, we cannot follow and be faithful to our duties.

The wearing of mourning for the dead is a striking example of such a fashion. Until within a few years, this was a universal custom; but of late, in many of the rural districts, it has gone very much out of favor, and close mourning must now be considered a fashion of the town, rather than a custom of the land. Still, most persons make some change in their costume when a death occurs in the family circle, and many of those who refrain from the external sign of mourning do so because they look upon it as an extravagant fashion, which ought to be discouraged by those who can afford it, so that those who cannot may feel that they can abstain from it without being thought wanting in respect for the memory of their friends. It is a good motive which prompts persons thus to omit wearing mourning; but it is far from being the best motive.

The wearing of mourning is one of the fashions that have

a decidedly moral bearing, and is therefore one that should not be followed merely because it is the fashion, and because persons in our particular set will be offended if we fail to adopt it; nor should we refrain from wearing it merely because we think our example may influence others. Merely external reasons should not control us, because this is not a merely external fashion. It has a moral cause, and a moral influence, and therefore the adopting it, or the not adopting it, should be decided in accordance with the principles of a true morality.

The custom of wearing mourning is one that we share in common with all races and all ages, and it results from the common horror mankind entertain of death. It is essentially an unchristian custom; for one of the grand distinctions of Christianity is, that it presents an entirely new view of death.

The Heathen and the Jew, with whom the life after death is a fearful uncertainty, and death itself a terrible leap into darkness, may well mourn when the insatiable grave snatches from them those whom they hold dear; when their friends depart they know not whither, — perhaps to lie in the cold earth until the last trumpet shall sound, — perhaps to lose all personality in a resurrection that shall reabsorb them into the power that created them, — perhaps to wander for ever in regions so unlike anything we can enjoy here, that it is beyond the power of human capacity really to believe in enjoyment there. Then there is the awful uncertainty as to the recognition of friends in the future life, which may well cause the heart to shrink in agony even at the thought of the final separation on earth from those we love. All this ignorance and uncertainty make it quite excusable in the Heathen and the Jew to carry the signs of mourning to almost any extent; even to tear the hair, to cut the flesh, to sprinkle the head with ashes. The advance of civilization has caused these barbaric signs of grief to give place to something less repulsive. To disfigure the person is no longer deemed ne-

cessary in order to show our respect for the memory of the dead. Provided the hue and the material are of the right kind, the milliner and the dressmaker may shape the sombre emblems of woe as becomingly as possible; and personal vanity finds as satisfactory food in crape and bombazine, as in the gayer colors and fabrics of the ball-room. Hence it is that no class of the community mourns so deeply — in its dress — as the one that prides itself upon being of the highest gentility, and which holds good taste in costume to be a cardinal virtue.

A country lady, on entering a fashionable city church, is struck more by the number of ladies in close mourning, than by any other difference she sees from what she is accustomed to at home. She will perhaps say to herself, "We are wiser in this respect in the country than the dwellers in the town." Still, the difference is that of fashion, and not of principle. The city ladies wear black, as they wear everything else, more in extreme than country ladies. So long as the heathenism of mourning is not recognized, they who put on only a little stand on the same plane as those who follow it out into the extreme of fashion. The difference is simply one of quantity, and not of quality.*

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* It has doubtless happened to most of our readers to observe those artifices, and to hear those trifling discussions, in the "House of Mourning," which profane the sanctities of Christian bereavement. The finical excesses of the priesthood and worshippers of the reigning Mode never appear more absurd, nor more disgusting, than when their frivolities and fripperies are thrust in amidst the august mysteries and realities of the great spiritual experience that we call Death. If we watch the vulgar refinements, and listen to the mocking conventionalities, of this despotic usage; if we notice the systematic steps by which the whole ghastly business has been reduced to a science, and elaborated into an art; if we watch the strange attempt to mark off and symbolize the gradations of a vanishing sorrow by the light shadings of sombre colors; if we observe how the retreating affliction is made to hang out the signals of its abatement by the softened hues of slate and gray; if we behold one black intensity after another hauled down, as consolation is supposed to creep in, or remembrance to creep out; if we witness the dismal conflict, sometimes, between the awkward badges of grief that still cling about the widowed person, while a new conjugal attachment

The moral cause for wearing mourning is the want of a distinct and enlightened faith in the life after death. That the dead rise, was clearly taught by the Lord, and is believed, or said to be believed, by every one who accepts him as a divine teacher; but after what manner they rise was left to be reasoned out by Christians in accordance with the light each one possessed. Consequently, theories of a future life are as various as the minds that form them, and the whole subject is looked upon as a matter of theory, and not of faith.

A century ago a book was published by Swedenborg, called "Heaven and Hell," in which, for the first time, that which seems to many minds a perfectly logical theory of the future life was taught, and one harmonizing entirely with all that the Scriptures teach us of the character and providence of God. This book has been a great source of comfort to many persons who have never accepted Swedenborg as an authorized teacher, and who receive the doctrines it contains only in the same way as they would receive the writings of any wise man whose thoughts recommended themselves to their spiritual needs. To those who accepted the peculiar claims of Swedenborg, the truths he taught in relation to the future life came with a power that compelled them to acknowledge that grief for the dead was a selfish passion, which it was the duty of a Christian to resist and put away. This being acknowledged, it followed that, if the grief were wrong,

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is dawning in the heart, as if "funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables"; if we ponder all the temptations to hypocrisy, and the incongruities between manners or character and the pretended significations of the dress; if we hear vanity and beauty flattered as "so lovely in black"; if we estimate the damage done to economy and narrow means by these cruel exactions; and finally, if we consider the confusion and hurry they introduce into families in those days of recent separation, when serenity and a quiet waiting upon God are so needful and so beautiful, — shall we not find accumulating evidence in favor of the doctrine of this article? In the diversity of individual tastes, it may sometimes be found that black is the color most naturally chosen, and most in keeping with the mind. But such occasional preferences furnish no justification either for the uniformity of an arbitrary rule, or for such frightful accumulations of crape as often envelop the living, in a mistaken regard for the dead. — Ed.

it was wrong to wear the outward manifestations of grief, because they helped to nourish the grief itself, and to make the recovery from it more difficult. They generally, therefore, abandoned the custom, and for many years endured great severity of criticism for doing so. The day for that is, however, now passed by, and their refraining to change their dress in sign of bereavement is now regarded simply as one of their harmless peculiarities.

There is, however, something more, something deeper, than a mere negative peculiarity in the refusal of the members of the Church of the New Jerusalem to follow the fashion of their neighbors in this particular. Believing, as they do, that the Heavenly Father, who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his permission, never allows a human being to pass away from the natural world until the best possible time for his entering the spiritual world has come, death never appears to them a premature event; and possessing a faith in the spiritual realities of the other life, built upon what they consider a knowledge of the principles by which that life is arranged and governed, death cannot be to them that fearful leap in the dark which is so much an event of terror to those who see nothing but darkness and doubt beyond the grave. Divested of any faith in that far-off judgment-day, when the whole human race, roused by the last trump, shall gather up the poor disintegrated particles of their material frames, and present themselves before a judgment throne to receive their eternal sentence, — when all shall long for heaven, but vast multitudes be sent away to an eternity of torment, — divested of this faith, they look forward to an existence beyond the grave, commencing when the soul ceases to animate the body, where no one goes into the life of hell but those who cannot love the life of heaven, — where each one seeks out in freedom a mansion adapted to the affections of his individual life, in which, if he be evil, he will be controlled so that his evil may not impinge upon the freedom of his fellows, and if he be good, he will go on

through an eternity of joyful progress in a life that shall perpetually assimilate him more and more to the Divine Perfection.

With a clear and fixed faith in such doctrines, the dying pass away without excitement and without fear, while those who are left behind feel that the time when their friends are putting on the garments of salvation is not the time for them to put on the weeds of woe.

To feel no sorrow that our friends have left us, is not to be expected of imperfect humanity. We cannot keep our minds so filled with the brighter fate of those who have gone before us, that our hearts will not be sorrowful, or our eyes unmoistened, at the memory of our own loss; but can it be right, can it be anything but selfishness, if we abandon ourselves to grief, if we nourish it by surrounding ourselves with every external sign of woe? Are we not putting ourselves in opposition to Providence, and have we any right to look to Heaven for strength to bear our bereavements, if we meet them with a belief that it is right to cultivate our sorrow?

The sting of death is sin. If our friends have lived and died in sin, we may well mourn for them, while they live and when they die; but such mourning would naturally conceal itself within the most secret recesses of the heart. If, on the contrary, we have a blessed assurance that our friends have lived and died in the service of the Lord, let us lift up our hearts in thanksgiving that they have gone where the soul's life cannot change its direction, but must go on for ever in the life of grace. Let us be drawn heavenward more and more, as the band of friends grows more numerous that is waiting for us beyond the silent portal; and let us believe, with a lively faith, that that portal opens not into death, but into life that knows neither disease nor decay nor end. Let us muse upon the blessedness of that life, until a holy flame of love shall burn within our hearts, until heavenly light shall illumine our inward eye, and then let us forbear

from disfiguring our countenances with sorrow, as though grief were a meritorious passion; and let us feel that the garb of mourning is not seemly when a friend has just entered upon a life of eternal joy.

M. G. C.

LORD AND MASTER.

LORD and Master I will call thee:
How the pregnant words enthrall me!
Love I thus the Crucified?
Heard I thy clear call, my Guide?

Clearer than the tuneful water
Was thy voice, "Arise, my daughter!"
Life in thee, — the fountain sprung
Gushing all the sands among.

With space-leaping faith I see thee,
Glorious One! Thy bonds did free me!
When, enraptured, by thy side,
Shall I love thee, Crucified?

Blessed hope! in heavenly places
Shall I sit and learn thy graces,
Love thee wholly, and abide
In thy love, dear Crucified!

L. P. S.

PROVIDENCE PATERNAL.

There are circumstances in nearly every man's history which make him feel his insignificance in the presence of the Infinite, his nothingness before the Almighty, — which make him feel that all things are not conformed to his private wishes, — which make him even doubt, for the time, whether God cares for individual interests. There are few men who have not at times had the suspicion enter their minds, that perhaps all things move by fixed laws, entirely regardless of individual wants, prayers, and sufferings. Even religious men have gravely stated this doctrine as the only rational belief, and smiled at the superstitious piety of those who believe that God has a fatherly interest in individuals, and exercises a special providence over us.

And it must be conceded that fixed laws govern all material things, and many phenomena of the spiritual world. The student of natural science believes that there is law even in those occurrences in which he has not yet traced it. No one is yet able to foretell the weather or the appearance of comets and meteors, nor the recurrence of epidemic diseases; and yet no student of natural science doubts that these things are governed by fixed laws. The effect of climate, education, and history upon national character is doubtless also according to law. No man accustomed to read history hesitates to trace historical events to historical causes.

Hence many men are led to exclude Providence altogether from their philosophy of life, and to suppose that all effects spring from causes which have their origin in general laws. They imagine that the same progress of science which has led to the exclusion of the idea of a special Providence from the recurrence of eclipses, and the advents of comets, will lead, in like manner, first to the exclusion of the idea of special Providence from the doctrine of the weather, and from the consideration of epidemic diseases, and finally to its exclu-

sion from the consideration of historical and political events. They imagine that all men will finally come to the conviction, that necessary laws govern all sublunary events, including the actions of men, as irresistibly as the law of gravitation governs the movements of the sun and moon, or as the laws of pressure and friction govern the movements of a steam-engine. It may be that few men announce this doctrine boldly and clearly, but the tendency toward this view is wide-spread, and is a natural consequence of the sudden importance which has been attained by the physical sciences within the last quarter of a century. This tendency betrays itself, in a great deal of our magazine and pamphlet literature, in sneers at any devout view of Providence, — sneers which can be justified only by a resort to this so-called positive philosophy.

Against the influence of this philosophy, true philosophy as well as true religion raises its voice. True science is not based on these narrow views of law, and true philosophy will not justify them. Science is the systematization of knowledge; but with what view? What is the spirit and aim of science? Not, as the positive school suppose, the grouping of the largest number of facts into the smallest number of formulæ; but the discovery of the real harmony of the facts, that is, the discovery of the true formulæ of creation. The ultimate end of science is a knowledge of the thoughts of God. It soars above the fixed laws which arrested its earliest attention, to the free Will which fixed them. Philosophy cannot justify the narrow view that positive law covers the universe. It is of no importance to what extent we carry the domain of law; we know that there is something outside of its domain. No matter what else we attempt to bring under its control, we cannot thus enslave the will: God is not a machine, nor are his children machines.

It is idle to debate this point. The gigantic powers of Leibnitz and Calvin, Priestley and Edwards, in vain unite, forgetting their theological differences, to uphold a scheme of

necessity; the smaller abilities of positive scientists in vain attempt to draw an induction of universal necessity from the necessity of mechanical and chemical law. As well might they combine to prove that there is no such emotion as love, as thus to deny the reality of the will. It is simply a question of consciousness; we know that we love and that we hate, we hope and we fear; we know that these passions act as motives on our will; but we also know that we can will against them and in spite of them. No man, not even the most earnest theoretical necessarian, but practically feels this, — feels that he is not a machine, acting under laws rigid and inflexible as those of the material world, but that he is something else, — an indefinable being that thinks and feels and wills and acts.

Nor can one in whose mind the idea of God has ever entered, help feeling that God is an intelligent being, having thoughts greater and wiser than ours; that God is a being of emotions, loving us more tenderly than we love our children; that he has a will more free to act than ours; and that he is more willing and more able to give us good gifts than we to give them to our children. As well might we attempt, by the extension of scientific laws, to show that we do not love our children, and deal with them according to our will, as to attempt to show that such laws exclude God's special providence from us.

If any man should ask us how, on scientific grounds, we can reconcile God's special providence with the universality of law, we answer, in the same way in which we can reconcile our own special watchfulness over our own children with universal law. If physical law be universal, then our bodies and our brains are under the control of law, and our children's organization is likewise under law. Yet we love them and they love us, and we treat them each individually according to the circumstances of the hour, — with a smile or a glance of reproof, a word of counsel or a kiss of approval. If the universality of law does not hinder us from

being fathers to our children, how shall it hinder the Infinite and Illimitable God from being a Father to us?

It is a vain presumption of our powers of logic, for us to attempt to prove the falsity of a self-evident truth. Upon what can we build, but upon some other truth, no more self-evident than the one we would destroy? The reality of our spiritual nature, our affections, and the freedom of our will, — the reality of God's being a Spirit, having, to say the least, all the powers that we have, — are self-evident truths, just as certain and trustworthy as the scientific induction of the universality of law.

To an intellect of unbounded resources, every law contains an infinite variety of powers, and is a facile tool to bring an infinite variety of results to pass. He that would limit the resources of the Almighty, to answer prayer and give special protection to individuals, by the barrier of inflexible physical laws, has, as yet, no conception how perfectly plastic inflexibility is, in the hands of Infinite Energy, guided by Infinite Wisdom. The highest philosophy and the highest mathematical science will combine in saying, "With God all things are possible." Let not the study of his works, and the observation of his faithfulness to his promises, ever lead any man into the insane folly of supposing that these works are the products of unconscious law, — this faithfulness an inability to break from a routine.

We need no argument to prove to us that the Almighty is almighty, and that he does whatever he pleases, in heaven and on earth. It comes so near to self-evident truth, that it is impossible to state logically the steps of proof. To deny it, is so near the denial of what is self-evident, that we cannot distinguish it from absurdity. And in this faith in the reality of a Paternal Providence we place the only abiding ground of human confidence and joy. Clouds and darkness are round about the throne of God, but we know that righteousness and justice are its foundations. We cannot explain all his doings. Science has her mysteries. The mathematics lead to unfathomable depths. Astronomy offers

problems yet unsolved; chemistry multiplies them manifold; the study of plants and animals increases them beyond enumeration. Our own spirits we cannot comprehend; the laws of our own being perpetually elude our search. Who, then, by searching, shall find out the Almighty, and give a full explanation of all his deeds? We are ignorant of all things; our knowledge and wisdom are simply sufficient to show us how vast the untrodden fields of thought through which the expanding soul may, perchance, ramble for eternal ages, finding ever new beauties, new delights. But as yet we are ignorant, we cannot explain many of those things most familiar; and he most clearly displays his ignorance, who most boldly attempts to display his knowledge of all God's purposes.

We are ignorant, but there are certain things that we know. We know that God is, and that like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. Whatever may be the disappointment of our cherished hopes, whatever expectations of private happiness have been destroyed, whatever plans of usefulness defeated, whatever longings for the triumph of truth disappointed, whatever clouds may seem to overhang the future for ourselves, our children, our country, or our race, we may rest in confidence upon the Paternal Providence of God, that all shall issue well. The same Infinite Wisdom that has hitherto guided the mysterious intricacy of human progress, guides it still; the same Power which has heretofore caused the efforts of the good and the machinations of the wicked alike to subserve, in the end, the cause of human welfare, still has control of the destinies of the world, and will, amid all the conflicts of our age, evolve his own purposes, using all events as the means to fulfil his plan; giving to those who labor for truth and righteousness the glory and reward of being coworkers with God, — to those who oppose themselves to the Lord's coming, at least this alleviation of their remorse in the day of their repentance, that as the crucifixion could not hinder his first triumph, so neither will any opposition of his

enemies hinder his final rule: it will only cover themselves with shame.

God is the Father of men, and all history, sacred and profane, shows that he is bringing out of the terrible discipline of early ignorance, rudeness, wars, and wide-spread vice, a continually increasing amount of knowledge, wisdom, civilization, justice, and righteousness. Nor must we, in looking at these general views of history, suppose that God cares not for individual man. For what does he lead the nations in this long career of historical development? For what purpose promise in the records of history, as well as in the voice of prophecy, a day when "the glory of the Lord shall fill the earth"? It is that "all the people" may then be righteous. The blessedness of a millennial age can only exist in the blessedness of individuals then living. It is for individuals that God cares. The very survey of human progress, which leads us to think that the individuals have perished for the sake of the communities, should lead us to see that in reality it is not so, but that the very proof of progress in human development shows us that the individual man is under God's care. We might indeed say, that all this long course of human history was intended by God to show to each one of us, individually, what possibilities lie wrapped up within us. Every event in history, every stage of human society, is permitted by the providence of God, in order to show each one of us what of good we may attain, or into what of evil we may fall, — to teach us to know ourselves. The Father of all rules all things, not only in the empire of the world, but in the direction of each man's life, causing each event to work out good to those who choose to serve him, and making each event a rebuke to the wickedness of those who choose to forget the Author of every joy and blessing. We may lean in all hours of our perplexity on our Father's all-wise guidance; in all hours of our weakness, on his almighty strength; in all hours of our sorrow and disappointment, on his unconquerable love.

T. H.

CHARACTER OF EPHRAIM PEABODY.

No man ever needed eulogy less, or disliked it more, than Ephraim Peabody. He was one whom none was disposed to speak ill of in his absence, or would have presumed to flatter in his presence. His goodness was so unassuming as to provoke no detraction, so genuine as to admit of no exaggeration. His character was so positively and forcibly true, that it made your impression of it true, and would not suffer you to represent it falsely. The severity of his simplicity protects the integrity of his obituary. A majestic plainness guards the strong individuality of his likeness. To his chaste and massive features fictitious ornament would be as unbecoming as to the bust of a sage.

The finest portrait that can be sketched of such a man must be drawn from the memory, not from the imagination. Nay, more than this, — while a friend is writing of him, his tall and authoritative shade seems to rise, and awe him to a rigid truthfulness. But happy is it for those whose love would prompt them to speak of him warmly, that the simplest truth which he commands involves the highest praise. What an evidence of the moral impressiveness of the man, — with what a grand distinction it crowns his character, — the fact, that every one who has named his name in public has bowed in reverence before his august modesty, and commemorated him with a sacred reserve of eulogy!

Ephraim Peabody was born in Wilton, N. H., the twenty-second day of March, 1807. Having lost his father, whose Christian name he bore, at an early age, he was brought up under the care of his mother, a sister of the venerable Dr. Abiel Abbot, who is still living at the advanced age of more than ninety years. She was a woman of sound judgment, great purity and clearness of intellect, and strong religious faith, admirably qualified to mould the character and shape the course of her son. To be born of righteous

parents, to be welcomed into the bosom of a Christian home, far from the noise and dissipation of cities, surrounded by grand and beautiful scenery, in a climate exhilarating to the body, and in a moral atmosphere invigorating to the spirit, with the advantages of a good literary education and a rational religious culture, as far removed from the enfeebling influence of wealth as from the depressing restraints of poverty, — what entrance into life more highly privileged than this!

Such, no doubt, was the feeling of our friend. His grateful appreciation of his early lot was proved by the tones in which he always alluded to it, and the love which he cherished to the last for the friends of his childhood, and the fields and hills which environed his birthplace. The scenery of Wilton not only left enduring pictures upon his mind, but had a most important influence in forming its taste and developing its character.

The writer remembers an interesting conversation with Mr. Peabody, many years ago, in which he himself referred to this fact. We were on our way to Concord, Mass., to meet, by appointment, a small circle of friends at the house of R. W. Emerson. The day was one of the finest in June. We had chosen, for the sake of its retirement, the old Turnpike. On reaching the summit of Wellington Hill, we stopped our chaise for a while, as so many have done, to enjoy the charming view which opened before us. The pure atmosphere, the nearer meadows and more distant hills, the fragrance of the woods, the quiet and varied beauty of the scene, at once associated themselves with his early rural memories, and the feelings of boyhood came swelling back to him in a full but gentle flood. After a few minutes of silence, he called my attention to a summer cloud, with its rich and thickly folded fleece of snowy whiteness, which was slowly floating over the blue sky. "How often, when I was a boy," said he, "I have taken my book, and sat by the road-side under an old tree, — for the road in

those days was secluded enough, — and when I was tired of reading, thrown myself back on the grass, and watched just such a cloud as that, expecting, if I looked steadily enough, that I should see the faces of angels leaning over its pure edges." During the remainder of the ride our talk was of early impressions and experiences. He was in a more than usually communicative mood. We have never heard him say so much about himself, before nor since. If it were allowable to relate all that was then confidentially revealed, in his peculiarly simple and graphic language, the narrative would illustrate a boyhood as pure and as sweetly attuned to the spirit of nature's God as that of the youthful shepherds of Bethlehem.

A single paragraph will suffice for the record of all the principal events of his life. At an early age he was sent to the village school in Wilton, then under the charge of Rev. Samuel Barrett, D. D. of Boston; who, having led him by the hand, a bright-eyed boy, to the plain country schoolhouse, — attracted even then by the fine qualities of his nature, — and having seen the rich fulfilment of all his early promise, and the meekly triumphant completion of his faithful course, recently assisted, with reverential care, to bear his pall through the aisle of the stately temple, draped in mourning for his loss, and the sorrowing throng of the wealthy and honorable of the city. In his eleventh year he removed to the Dummer Academy at Byfield, Mass. Two years after he was admitted to Phillips Academy in Exeter, N. H., the Principal of which was that eminent instructor and excellent man, Dr. Abbot. At this institution he completed his preparation for Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, from which he graduated in 1827. His theological studies were pursued at the Cambridge Divinity School. In 1830 he commenced preaching at Meadville, Penn. A year afterwards he was invited to settle in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he remained, fulfilling a useful ministry, and securing a deep hold, not only upon the hearts of

his congregation, but also upon the respect of the community, till 1835. At this period pulmonary symptons of a serious nature compelled him to seek a milder climate. A winter spent at Mobile, where he was able to preach and render valuable assistance in establishing a church, so far re-established his health, as to render it safe for him to return to the North. In 1838, he was installed pastor of the Unitarian Church in New Bedford, Mass. In 1846 he was induced, by reasons which seemed to him imperative, and which appeared to all who were in his confidence as sound and wise as they were unselfish, to accept a pressing invitation to the King's Chapel in Boston. In 1853, he travelled in Europe during several months for the benefit of his health. Towards the close of the year 1855, increasing infirmities made it necessary for him again to suspend preaching, and by the advice of his physician he passed the last winter in St. Augustine. In June he returned to Boston, much reduced in strength, and with no hope of recovery.

But while dutifully disposing himself to yield up his life whenever Providence should recall it, he no less dutifully employed all justifiable means of prolonging it. With this view, and as a last resource, he was induced to accept the timely offer of a house in Milton, about to be vacated for a while, by a friend, who was preparing for an annual visit at Newport, R. I. A more attractive and salubrious place for the summer residence of such an invalid could not have been found, nor could New England furnish more charming scenery for the last fond, earthly gaze of a Christian poet's eye.

The great "Blue Hill" rose majestically on his left hand; a thick forest hung its rich and variegated screen on his right. In front he looked out upon a landscape of unsurpassed beauty; embracing in its vast extent hills of every shape and size, valleys graceful and abrupt, cultivated slopes and rough pastures, a broad meadow through which the silvery Neponset winds, and over whose green expanse

stately elms are scattered, and trees and shrubs of various hue are grouped in lines and tufts, as if some inimitable artist had arranged them for the finest effect; and far off, the most attractive and impressive of all, the shadowy dome of Wachusett blending with the sky. A dry and healthful atmosphere circulated freely around him; a large and select library was within his reach; a lovely family served him with a devotion as unobtrusive as it was unbounded; thoughtful friends paid him timely visits, bringing flowers and fruits and news, and lingering to watch the interchanging expressions of child-like playfulness and saint-like seriousness, of gentle sympathy and august reserve, which, by turns, enlivened and deepened his pale and sunken countenance. How richly he enjoyed this summer and early autumn in Milton may be imagined. He spoke of his residence there with profound gratitude. It seemed to us as if Providence, whom he so meekly trusted, and nature, which he always loved so fondly, and human friendship, which he cherished so sacredly, were conspiring together to alleviate the pain and sadness of his decline, — gladly uniting their ministrations to beautify the closing scene of so pure and beautiful a life.

After his return to the city in October, being fully persuaded that he could never resume his professional duties, he addressed a communication to his parish, offering to resign his ministry, or, if this might not be deemed advisable, to relinquish a portion of his salary. This letter — which was couched in the simplest language, and yet full of pastoral affection and interest, which was as calm and sensible and plain as an official document, and yet delicately tinctured with tenderness, and suggestive of the kindest regret — was received by his congregation with profound sympathy, and responded to in such terms as were alike honorable to his people and gratifying to himself, and entirely relieved his position of all embarrassment. Having discharged this painful duty, nothing remained for him but

to set his house in order, and quietly await the hastening issue of his disease. *How* quietly he waited, how unclouded his intellect, how serene his spirit, how meek his submission, how gentle his last looks, how kind and wise and faithful his last messages, it is the sacred privilege of a nearer friend to describe and commemorate, so far as he may be able to satisfy the earnest interest of the living without violating the modesty of the dead. On the morning of the 28th of November, at half past nine o'clock, he fell asleep.

It is simply just to say that Dr. Peabody possessed the chief elements of true greatness. If they were not eminent and effective in proportion to their measure, it was from the lack of physical vigor, not of moral principle. His intellect was strong, clear, and capacious. His heart was large, gentle, and true. His spirit was manly and self-reliant. His will, though not always energetic, was firm and powerful, and, in emergencies, indomitable. His conscience was quick, just, and healthy. His faith as a Christian was simple, rational, and immovable, with no taint of dogmatism or illiberality. His morality was strict and lofty, without rigidity or asceticism. His piety was sincere and devotional, without a savor of sentimentality. He had the imagination of a poet, with the practical wisdom of a man of affairs; a refined and elevated taste, with a cool and correct judgment; a delicate appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art, with rare sagacity and shrewdness, and a most extraordinary discernment of character. His serious eye, opening to its full width, would fix its clear and penetrating glance upon a man whom he wished to read, and in a moment he would seem to have measured his merit, and scrutinized him through and through. A circumstance illustrative of this peculiarity occurred some years ago to the writer himself, which he trusts no one will see any objection to his relating. Being in his study at New Bedford, before each thoroughly understood the other, we chanced to let fall a remark, which, though perfectly innocent as it was *meant*, as it *sound-*

ed might easily appear to have been dictated by an ungenerous motive. It was late at night. We were standing face to face, on opposite sides of the fireplace, our elbows resting upon the mantel-piece. Instantly that deep and earnest eye was fastened upon ours, with an indescribable gaze, — serious even to solemnity, searching and yet almost sorrowful, half pitiful and half indignant, — as one might imagine an Apostle's to have been, when intent on discovering the spirit of some humbler fellow-disciple who had suddenly fallen under suspicion. There was a deep pause. No question was asked; no explanation was offered. The inquisition of that gaze was more effective than words. It scrutinized the very soul itself. Happily the soul it interrogated could, on the point at issue, abide the scrutiny. The eye into which he looked opened itself with a trustful and joyous invitation even into the inward depth he would penetrate. He had his answer. His doubt was relieved; and the talk went on easily again, as if nothing had interrupted it. For all the world we would not have stood, then and there, before that eye, with a consciousness of shame.

Dr. Peabody impressed you as a man who had consecrated himself to God, and who lived habitually as in his presence. He was loyal to the Most High, without servility. His obedience was heedful, but not scrupulous. His veneration was profound and habitual, not ceremonious nor passionate. He was saintly without sanctimony. Implicitly reverencing the holy law of God, he as implicitly confided in his goodness. He felt that the same Being who appointed his work dispensed his enjoyments, and was equally pleased to see his servants resting in the shade, as toiling in the field. He worked without drudgery, and he rested without negligence. If he never tasked his powers to their utmost extent, he kept them in regular and constant employment, and by a quiet industry accomplished as valuable, if not as brilliant, results. His moderation was a fruit and a manifestation both of his faith and his wisdom. His calmness was an expression of

his depth. His look of composure was the face of his strength. His presence was impressive, though he said nothing. His weight of character moved you even when he was at rest. His preponderant moral quantity had a sensible influence upon every one who came near to him. Though not fond of general society, nor calculated to shine in large companies, no one more highly enjoyed the visits of his friends, or took more real pleasure in quiet interviews. He was equally ready to mount up to the discussion of the highest subjects that interest a philosophic mind, to expatiate on the enchanting realms of poetry, or to ramble among the every-day incidents that ripple the surface of life. He was never more at home, and never appeared to greater advantage, than when, seated in his arm-chair, or reclining on his couch, he could secure the presence of some professional neighbor in his study for a long, familiar chat, or gather about him a little circle of chosen friends for an uninterrupted evening. On such occasions the veil dropped off from his soul and uncovered all its beauty. The unguarded door of his heart swung open, and revealed its inestimable treasures. His intellect, unclasping its girdle, disclosed, at its ease, its full dimensions and its admirable symmetry, or in playful sallies and sportive contests charmed you with its sprightliness and versatility, or startled you by its athletic strength.

Seriousness and mirth were faultlessly blended in his conversation. In his manners a perfect self-respect was combined with an amiable consideration for others; an almost awkward restraint, with entire frankness and commanding dignity; a puritanic staidness, with natural politeness and the graciousness of a benevolent disposition.

Dr. Peabody had scholarly tastes and studious habits, though he was not erudite. His reading was extensive and various. He kept such an even pace with the literature of the day, that there was scarcely a book of importance, or a subject of interest in any of its departments, with which he allowed himself to be unacquainted. It was his endeavor, not only to freshen up his mind by a constant influx

of information and ideas, and by drawing from new channels, but also to keep it well balanced by accessories from diverse realms of science and opposite provinces of study. As an illustration of this, we remember his having collected and thoroughly studied, a few years ago, all the most important works on political economy, immediately after having re-read the old English poets, and while occupying every day a portion of his time in strictly professional studies.

As a writer, his habits were of late years industrious and methodical. The forenoons of every day were occupied in composition. Not only to relieve the labor of writing, and to avoid the injurious effects upon his health of sitting at his desk, but partly also as a stimulus to regularity and daily industry, he had adopted the custom — much in favor with the few clergymen who have tried it — of dictating to an amanuensis. By this arrangement he was able to prepare an unusual number of new sermons in the course of a year, the quality of which was, to say the least, in no respect inferior to that of his earlier productions, written in the ordinary way.

His style, which at first was rather flowery and rhetorical, but always pure, natural, and correct, gradually tended, as he advanced in life, to plainness and gravity. He soon lost all fondness for embellishment, but never for illustration. He avoided ornament, but he sought imagery. Rhetoric he almost morbidly shunned, but to have abjured analogy would have been false to his nature. He was pleased to introduce pictures into his sermons, not because they adorned his compositions, but because they illuminated truth. He loved beauty for itself too sincerely to desecrate it to the service of his own vanity.

His great aim in the pulpit was to instruct, not to produce a sensation; — to commend sacred truths to the understanding and impress them upon the heart, by clear exposition, weighty argument, and an unaffected earnestness befitting their importance and solemnity. His favorite subjects of discourse were the perfections of God, the sentiments which they should awaken in man, the offices and claims of Christ,

the blessings, comforts, and hopes which the Gospel communicates, and the duties it enjoins. He avoided speculation and controversy, the discussion of abstruse theological questions, and the treatment of exciting topics. No one was ever drawn to hear him by the expectation of being amused by novelties, nor deterred from listening to him by the apprehension of being startled at anything out of harmony with the proprieties of worship. He commanded attention by simplicity, gravity, and sincerity, and the deep, rich, serious tones of his voice; he never seemed to demand it, nor condescended to court it by any rhetorical tricks. He was perfectly fair and honest with his audience and with his theme. He was far enough from affectation to have suited Cowper. His air and manner in the pulpit were peculiarly impressive. They bespoke a preacher who felt the importance of his message and the sacredness of his office. Not the priestly vestments he wore designated him to the people as a minister of God, but the indubitable sign of his unction from on high was impressed upon his face and rested on his brow. He stood before you clothed with that mysterious spiritual robe with which the Holy Ghost invests all the saintly men who have truly submitted to its baptism, — a drapery which no man can borrow, and no man can counterfeit; which they who see it cannot depict, and they who wear it know not that they wear.

We might go on adding to this fragmentary memorial. And most gladly would we do so, — "Who would not sing for Lycidas?" — did we not know that the hands of other friends more skilful, but not more loving, were even now finishing their more proportionate and perfect effigies. But the more lifelike the image which they shall hang in his vacant place, the more profound will be our feeling of the void, the more sad that vacancy will appear; —

> "For O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
> Now thou art gone, and never must return!"

C. R.

WOMANHOOD IN AMERICA.

[The following letter — the signature of which will be recognized as that of one who has rendered eminent services to letters and to the education of her own sex — was originally addressed to a woman of another country, Madame Pulszky. Although it has been put into print before, it has probably been seen by but few, if any, of the readers of this journal. — Ed.]

Cambridge.

My dear Madame Pulszky: — The material prosperity of the United States allows a man to overlook some of his highest duties; the woman suffers from an undue enlargement of the minor ones. A man has very nearly the same daily claims here as in Europe; he need not be overwhelmed by them, unless he endeavors to lead several lives in one. Many men here lead two lives: one of business and one of pleasure; one of labor by day, and another of gayety at night. Scientific men who come here and attempt to add social enjoyment to their labors, break down at once, and cannot understand the nervous energy which makes change of object sufficient rest for an American. With a woman, the case is different; she rarely volunteers more variety of life than circumstances demand of her, for she is claimed on different counts over and over again, both soul and body, time and thoughts. Her life is a defenceless territory, from which every occupation conquers a province; and there can never be peace or order within the borders till a vigorous central power adjusts their rights. The refined Mrs. Moodie, hoeing and digging in the wilds of Canada, that she might keep her children from famishing, had satisfaction; while it was a struggle for life, hoeing and digging were her duties; the moment more enlarged ones were possible, she had a right to prefer them. It is thus with us: satisfy us that it is our duty to wear our youth out in domestic cares, and it is cheerfully done; but is it not better to devote our powers to something higher, to something nearer those we love? The American girl, when she marries, has often a

higher ideal than the man; and this ideal is more exalted than his by sentiment. She is often older than he in character, and altogether promises to become a finer person. In a few years, domestic cares have lowered the customary tone of her thoughts; the man, meanwhile, has developed in the larger sphere of life. Through middle life, he seems her superior; his talk is better than hers, unless you touch her where her heart can speak; but in old age, when the incrustations of the world lie heavy upon him, — when it is a question of giving up, and not of doing, — the patient endurance which has made her life gives a grace to her character, and a sweet serenity to her face. How much happier might middle life and old age be, could the woman's cares be diminished, and the family make a larger part of the life of the husband! Men are generous and willing, but are apt to neglect the inner circles of duty, to put their profession and politics before all but the more obvious claims of a family. The outer circles of duty may be more exciting, more dazzling, but the interest deepens as it contracts. A man may become reconciled to an unhappy, even a mistaken life, when this teaches him the wisdom which he, and he alone, can give to his children. Nor does he give only, — but receive. He grieves over his own imperfection, which makes his child not only unwilling, but unable, to learn by his experience. He is ashamed of his faults, he checks the exaggerations which bring discredit on his lessons.

The cares which in the Old World are kept within their proper limits, assume here the stature of a giant. Fortunately, as with most giants, their size may often be reduced by a bold heart. Household duties may be made to fill a lifetime, they must occupy more space here than elsewhere; is it not then perfectly absurd to introduce styles of living suited only to countries where labor is cheap? We cannot regret the dearness of labor here, — it is a proof of the universal well-being, — but may we not live so as to require the aid of others less? I would have everything so simple that it

could be often renewed and easily taken care of; I would seek freshness rather than splendor, beauty than costliness. Above all, I would have each family live independently, according to its means.

"Madame D'Arblay and her husband and son subsisted for a considerable time on an income not exceeding £125 a year. Madame D'Arblay writes to her sister that the minutiæ of her domestic life would make her 'laugh to see, though perhaps cry to hear.' With all this, her mind and thoughts were never shut up in her economy. The most distinguished and excellent of two countries were welcomed to their frugal fare, and their hand and purse were always open to distress."

I have known families of taste and cultivation who lived here on the same sum; but it requires the most rigid economy, and economy is so foreign to our people, and is so confounded in their ideas with meanness, that it brings peculiar difficulties. There must be something in our liberal expenditure shocking to the thrifty Englishwoman, who has won her way through life by her skill in saving and in making a little go a great way. She must feel there is no room here — where the question is not how little of a thing will suffice, but how much can be used — for that science of economy which she has spent a lifetime in acquiring; yet nowhere is she more needed. Let her go to the West and show the beauty and comeliness of order; let her teach them not to poison the gifts of Providence, nor to waste with reckless prodigality the plenty which starving thousands hunger for in vain. Let her persuade the New England girls of her own rank that fine feathers do not make fine birds. But this, I fear, would be hopeless. We may warn as we will, the love of dress is destined to run a mighty race among American women; and I fear, until we have a little of the biting experience of the Old World, the American domestic will place her chief happiness in putting on her velvet mantilla and silk dress on Sundays, and feeling herself every bit

as good as her mistress. And why should she not? She is almost as well lodged and clothed, and possibly as well educated.

Would that, instead of this vision of hats and dresses, which is so irresistible to the female imagination in America, there could be presented an equally attractive picture of a neat little homestead smiling in the wilderness, blooming with real and not artificial roses, the permanent fruits of easy and well-rewarded toil, sweetened by the spirit of hope, not of vanity. This frugality may come in time; the tastes of the poorer classes will follow those of the richer; and so long as our wealth flows in the vulgar channels of dress and upholstery, and not in the nobler walks of benevolence, love of art, or development of individual tastes and character, those who look upon themselves as but a week behind us in climbing will not be much wiser than we. We are the pioneers of society, and on us it depends to give a refined and elevated character to the aspirations of the people.

Economy as extreme as is practised in England is not desirable here. The abundance of material and the scarcity of labor make many kinds of saving no economy; and I rejoice that in this respect we are relieved from fixing our eyes on little things; if economy has the second voice in every argument, it is very apt insensibly to usurp the chief place. As to labor, I am glad that a man's services are rated high. I love the house where the laborer is held worthy of his hire, where the tedious work meets no scanty or grudged reward, where the poor depart with a blessing, and old services are not forgotten.

Next to the claims of housekeeping those of children are most preternaturally enlarged in America. "Eight mothers to one child should be the rule there, not one mother to eight children." There is no sufficient help in taking care of them, and mothers see too clearly that early education makes the man, to be willing to intrust them to any influence but their own. We cannot regret the time thus em-

ployed; we can only regret that so much of the mother's strength is required in the early years, that she often ceases to be a companion for them when most wanted. The fire which should have brightened the whole of life has flared up and gone out. In many families everything is sacrificed to the children; the mother who offers herself up as a victim has a sort of right to ask others to throw their pleasures, comforts, leisure, on the blazing pile. The children, meanwhile, living much with their parents, add to the wants of children those of men and women; boys of ten and twelve criticise a supper-table, and know the flavor of champagne; girls of fourteen cannot get along without their operas, concerts, and rehearsals. There is no affectation in all this, it is done perfectly naturally; yet we cannot but regret that the period of simple natural pleasures is so much abridged, that the opera and the ball-room, which foster love of show and vanity, take the place of those social circles where genuine friendships might grow up. The hours which should be spent in disciplining and storing the mind, and preparing it to comprehend in its full significance whatever life offers, are wasted in a rash and crude enjoyment, which soon changes to satiety. Some mothers, finding their own after lives hard, and losing early the power of enjoyment, cannot bear to deprive their children of anything they can possibly enjoy; and so many mothers allow their children to follow, in all things, their own fancies, that it is impossible for the few who see the evil to stem it. The false ideas, the morbid sufferings, caused by this state of things, are among the saddest things in America. I have almost thought that to shut girls in a convent till some maturity was secured for them, would be a better course. A retired and solid education would then prevent the intellect from being frittered away in brilliant repartee, the heart in popular caressing manners.

To girls who at fifteen have heard and seen the best and most exciting that reaches our shores, common life which wraps their real happiness is unendurable. It would require

a superhuman firmness in them to be true to their best interests in the midst of this tide of pleasure. They lose repose, dignity, and balance of character. But when the severer duties of married life call, they drop their gauzy wings, and leave without regret this life of excitement and dissipation for one of anxiety and self-devotion. The first twenty years of their lives they pass in learning to know and value much which they pass the second twenty in learning to forego. Formerly in most parts of the country the education was one to supply resources. To the higher classes it gave command of their powers, it introduced them to all that was valuable in literature, it enabled them to appreciate all which they could ever hear in society, or meet with in books; it gave enlargement, strength, richness. Our nearness to Europe now adds to the former requirements an education for society. To live on the thoughts of Dante and Schiller is not enough, we must also speak their tongues. All talents which shine in society are cultivated; more knowledge of art and music is required. The day which before seemed full is now overflowing, and yet the whole period allowed for education is unwisely shortened. At the same time, the health, which might otherwise be improved, is sapped by early introduction to late hours and exciting amusements, by over-stimulus.

Housekeeping and the care of children unavoidably make larger claims on time in America than elsewhere. The claims of society differ in different parts of the Union, and in different circles; each person may interpret them his own way. As society is now managed, the same amount of pleasure and advantage requires a greater sacrifice of time here than elsewhere. I should like to see the whole life more social, and society not made a separate thing. Company and visiting are but a small portion of the social life; a much more valuable one is the free and friendly intercourse between all classes. This will give nerve to the higher classes, refinement and self-respect to the others. In

proportion as society is exclusive, it becomes injurious; if our social life is open and generous, we shall become happier and more liberal in our sentiments. We are but just beginning to recognize, not only the obligations, but the pleasures of society, and to value it as a means of destroying prejudices, of enlargement both to head and heart. As St. Pierre says, "we need a diet of company as well as a diet of food." Increased facilities of travelling bring more varieties of people together, and make our society daily more interesting. Even within our own borders are diversities of life and character, which only a free, social intercourse can make mutually understood. I hope we shall value genuine society more and more, and learn to buy it at a less price. It is now usually the first thing given up by those who must sacrifice something. This is partly owing to the foolish way in which we import European fashions in the frame, and set them up in the wilderness; we engraft the manners and notions of richer communities on our own. How pleasant to receive into our lives the experiences of others, to sympathize with them, to study their differences, to feel our characters touching each one at a different point! How pleasant to learn the variety of gifts with which God has endowed his creatures! I believe no one can do the smallest thing with unusual grace without some peculiar natural gift as the foundation. How charmingly these flowers develop themselves in the warm atmosphere of sympathy and admiration! Well might Bishop Taylor say that in some sense or other we must think ourselves the worst in every company where we come.

Conversation, too, may be an inexhaustible pleasure and stimulus. What other means of human intercourse is so elastic? — it embraces "gray science and the evergreen tree of life," — what other so kindling to the imagination and the feelings?

People now meet in large assemblies with a great waste of time and money, at the dead of night, after they are worn

out with the fatigues of the day. But of that social, friendly visiting which warms the heart and softens the manners, there is little, except in small towns and in the country. When we learn that an evening may be enjoyed without victimizing either wife or purse, many who really value and love society will open those doors which a foolish pride has closed. It will be acknowledged that the style in which a man receives his friends should depend on his means; an easy face and friendly manner will be our best welcome, and more expensive adjuncts will be found where alone they are becoming, — in the houses of the wealthy. False pride and an extravagant standard of living are not, however, the only obstacles to a free, social life. The master of the house cannot, or thinks he cannot, command time from his business; the mistress can never be secure from fatigue with her children; and, worse than this, there is generally an unwilling temper among domestics, which lies like a black spirit at the threshold of all hospitality. Most mistresses would rather give up society than domestic peace, and cannot enjoy a friend if there are sour looks in the kitchen.

In the South, where a crowd of slaves takes the place of one "help," hospitality is as free as in any part of the world; but in the Free States, where the work of the day is in most families barely accomplished, the stranger must often be a burden within the gates. In the South, one wardrobe only is to be provided; in the North, two or three are needed each year, and must be stored and cared for. Stoves and furnaces, and the daily fever of fires, are unknown there; here, thrift and the minor virtues become indispensable. The "Southern matron" is the slave of her slaves; the dweller in "a new home" is ridden over rough-shod, by greedy and relentless neighbors; in the Eastern States there is a more subtle danger, that of becoming the slave of things. Those who have an honest, hearty intention to do well what they find to do, cannot reconcile themselves to doing anything deliberately amiss. The love of excellence in work

and housekeeping becomes a snare which holds them to the earth. I would not lower the standard, but would cut off the objects of care. The multiplication of conveniences and of objects of fancy brings so much care, that neatness threatens to be the Moloch of modern times. Our love of excellence has a strong alloy of "indignation against defect." Dislike of the slovenly fashions of a new country becomes over-devotion to neatness, method, and the minor virtues, of which it is possible to have too much. The higher virtues and feelings are crowded out. The heart that readily bestows the means for a night's lodging cannot derange its domestic economy by taking the vagrant beneath its roof. What are the sufferings of the poor sailor to her who in her midnight watches forebodes smoky chimneys and a fall of soot? Nay, why should you speak of wind-flowers and early violets to one to whom April suggests only spring cleanings and abundance of rain? Far be it from me to undervalue good housekeeping, that which keeps life in the infant, and reason in the man; but I do not want to make life all housekeeping, nor to see it wholly a prey to things. I rejoice that the love of travelling uproots many families in America, and saves them from becoming fastidious and over-attached to things. I only wish that those who live in a country where mere living demands so much thought and time, should not embarrass their march with much baggage. Let all things which are merely captivating, and require care, be viewed with suspicion, and relentlessly sent across the threshold; good and fair though they be, they are not fair for us, if purchased at the expense of tenderness or serenity.

It has often been said, that intellect in a woman is a foe to domestic comfort; but in America, at least, a sensible woman makes the best housewife. It requires no little character, and some genius, to steer clear of anarchy and of slavery, I mean slavery of the mistress to the servants. A family requires for its management the same faculties as a

kingdom. Agricola, we are told, was thought fit to govern Britain because he had managed well his own family, which was esteemed as difficult as to control a province. Neither is a perfect machine to be wound up and abandoned, neither has a self-sustaining or adjusting force. Those who have taken upon themselves the responsibility of a family are bound to supply this force; and with us it is expected of the wife. There are as many ways of ruling a family as a state. Some women use an infinity of words; they are the politicians, the busy-bodies. Is there a difficulty? they have a "talk," and persuade over the offender. Others, by mere weight of character, show that they expect each one to do her duty. Others resemble those public men who rise by means of one rule; they make everything yield to the Juggernaut of domestic convenience. They *will* carry every point which concerns this, and do not grudge for it the time and thought which were given for eternity.

Housekeeping divides itself into what concerns persons, by far the most important, and what concerns things; and again into arrangements and details. A delicate nature often understands all which concerns personal relations by intuition, but beats its wings in vain against the dry details of things. Yet, unless these things are properly attended to, there can be no genuine well-being for persons. The wants and the claims of each member of the family should be understood and compared with one another. Infancy must be cared for, youth must have its pleasures and its golden opportunities, old age its precious modicum of enjoyment. The relation of mistress must be entered into, and a good example set by fulfilling generously its claims. It is not in the main a disagreeable relation in the United States; its annoyances lie chiefly on the surface. It is a suitable one to exist between one human being and another, and as such we should be contented with it. Better live with those we respect, though they may keep a little too near, than have under our roof a crew without principle or intelligence; bet-

ter have to yield our own will, than be exposed to the temptation of absolute power. Here service is a compact and a relation in one, and subject to the infirmities of both; the imperfect fulfilment of contracts troubles all public life, betrayed or neglected relations are the trial of private life; between mistress and servant there is room for both kinds of evils. It is for the superior to fulfil both obligations; if all do so, we shall not long complain of this part of housekeeping.

On the whole, a mistress who knows what she wants, and what she has a right to, may be well enough served. She cannot live at her ease, as those of the same fortune might in Europe; she must either aim at less, or else devote to domestic affairs a large portion of her time. But this knowing what she wants, and what she has a right to, is not so easily secured. American girls are so little in the house, and are so early introduced to society, that few of them have any preparation for the cares of a family. "Preposterous," as Sallust says, "who, after they are appointed to an army, begin to study the lives of great generals."

Let me say a few words as to the two ways of spending the strength, — in detail, or in arrangement, which consists in choosing the best mode of action; the former is Celtic, the latter Saxon. The former is empirical, requires less effort at first, but is more exhausting in the end; and, in a world where all things are subject to chance, is usually preferred by women. They do not mind a few leaks in the vessel, which after all they may not be called upon to stop. Occasionally, about as often as a prize is drawn in a lottery, this want of plan succeeds, and it is difficult therefore to induce women to make, in the first place, the effort of thinking out the best arrangement, and bearing it on their consciences and memory afterwards. Yet this is the only way becoming a reasonable being, the only way to give confidence to those who share our voyage, and who may be less sanguine or more orderly than ourselves. Let woman study science,

that she may learn order in the great school of order. She will see it joined to beauty, and severed from dulness and monotony; she will learn to love it, and will introduce it into her little world. She more than man needs continually to keep before herself the ideal she is carrying out, because she is busy with such very small details. Her feelings do this for her continually, and with a vivacity no effort can imitate; but this is only in some parts of her life. If the whole is arranged according to a worthy plan, she will be sustained and interested in all, and look with horror on a life spent in expedients and the stopping of gaps.

The discontent of domestic life does not arise entirely from dissatisfaction with results, but partly from regret at the time and thoughts given to them. When this is the case, remember martyrdom by the needle is as acceptable as martyrdom by the sword. Care, within its natural limits, is necessary and wholesome; but there is a care of human, not divine, origin; and if with hasty grasp we seek to pluck every flower of life, we shall come off with our hands full of thorns. Let us choose those blossoms for our parterre which will not cost too dear in the raising, and be content to admire and not possess the rest. Let woman in particular be careful how she entertains aims which will eat into her hoarded leisure. She does not, like man, keep her pleasures separate from the rest of her life; everything is in danger of becoming a passion with her. If her choices and her tastes speak louder than her moral preferences, she gets a false standard of character. There was but one sphere for Mary, but many snares for Martha; all aims which gratify the intellect and taste only, are specious Marthaisms.

For both aims and claims, for pleasures and the leisure to enjoy them, money is eagerly sought in the United States. Even without our largeness of aims, the question of support would have great prominence. Every man has to make the ground he stands on. Hence to every man comes a painful period of doubt as to his own powers. He doubts whether

his occupation is worthy; whether, as society now is, he can follow it without losing his early aspirations; and lastly, whether, even if all else is right, it is the work for him. In so far as this is a discipline needed to form the judgment, to sharpen the perceptions, to lower self-confidence and strip worldly success of its charm, we would acknowledge in it the hand of Providence. It is often a short, though sharp trial, and the quickness with which it is forgotten by the successful shows that they at least could not spare it from life. But to those, perhaps His favored children, whom God has not created to command success, the trial is a depressing, perhaps a life-long one, and we have a right to ask, whether, by our habits of expense and false ideas of what is needed, we do not prolong this period, and cut them off from happiness they are peculiarly fitted to enjoy. The necessity of gaining a support may press hard, it may show ugly in our social life; but it lies at the core of all independence of character. We cannot admire any life, however beautiful, if this skeleton of independence be wanting. Beauty demands that it should be concealed, but we must never for an instant doubt that it is there. We cannot excuse even the man of large gifts and rich endowments, if he does not perform this fundamental duty.

Besides feeling the necessity of support, the American has an instinct which bids him "keep poverty at a sublime distance." The dread of it is a spectre which enters more easily our palaces of to-day, than the castles of the Old World. It may be doubted whether it is not always present, the skeleton at the banquet, — whether its threats do not influence every public and private affair. Who would ask alms for the starving Irish, a ransom for the fugitive slave, when stocks are depressed, when the merchant is fearing ruin, and the man of fortune finds himself without an income? Into every judgment and valuation this question of money, of means, intrudes itself. Yesterday you thought no education good enough for your sons, you burned to bring the refining

influences of foreign art to the doors of your countrymen. To-day things look dark, your children must get along like others, your countrymen must wait till they can refine themselves.

Money is in America more than elsewhere a substitute for time. All the claims cry "Money or Time." Education, housekeeping, society, demand money, and again money. When domestic affairs chafe, the man says, "Put a sheath of gold on it, smooth it over, and make it easy. What do I make money for, but that my little wife may be easy?" But the wife, unless she be *very little*, is not satisfied with this. She wants to make things right, not to smooth them over; particularly if she sees her husband dwarfed and darkened by cares and the counting-house. Women feel that there is something base in this compromise; it is a bribery to which no one will descend who feels his cause just, and himself able to maintain it. She cannot waste hundreds for her own ease, and read in the papers of starving wretches; she feels that she also has a part to act in the economy. I believe Providence gave to each sex a different function, because it would be too painful to the bread-winner perpetually to give away as it were his own life, drop by drop, to supply the common necessities. While the man works, he has the ideal of his family before him, and not the petty sums which his wife disburses. Her part is to be faithful and wise in administering the thousand parts which make up the whole. But if, in order to keep up a certain position, she must choose between taxing her husband overmuch, or engaging in a daily struggle which must end in making her unlovely and hard, how much better it would be for her while still young and fresh to choose a more simple form of life, and one whose duties she can perform gracefully and cheerfully.

Let each one separate first all the details which are required to satisfy herself, from those which are adopted from conventionalism; she can enforce the former with dignity

and success, and if she throws overboard the latter, the ship will be lighter by half its cargo. Let her learn whether the difficulties which beset her are realities or shadows; often they live only in her fears, — one true word will dispel them. Let her decide what degree of polish is attainable without the loss of better things; let her remember, however, that each successive coating costs more and is worth less. Let her dress never outshine herself. Its becomingness does not depend upon its richness, as every painter knows. Excessive dress, and particularly very bright colors, often take from the face all expression, and reduce it to a square (often a blank one) of the patchwork. Let her seek simplicity, freshness, and suitability, and nothing more, unless her means amply warrant it. If American women have that prettiness and native refinement foreigners remark in them, they need less than others the ornament of dress. Theirs is not a style of beauty, nor are their lives such as to make elaborate dress becoming.

Let her life and her manners flow from her character. Let them be the fragrance of the flower; and may there be a variety of flowers and of perfumes. The character has a right to express itself in manner, and will do so if all hinderances are removed. As in the fairy tale the hair from the prince's head gave a description of his character and of the scenes he had passed through, so should the presence give us the result of life. The manner should express the habitual character, and, dimly hinting at what has been or may be felt, should add the light or shadow of the momentary mood. The exquisite charm of that manner which only the most varied and refined society can impart, which says and does and looks the only right thing at the right moment, may not be for us. But even this divides itself into two parts, one of which some natural sentiment and high culture, even with a retired life, can bestow. Without the graces of a court, we may have that delicate and rapid appreciation of every shade of meaning and of feeling, which makes a person a most delightful

companion; and we are perhaps the more likely to keep it, the less we are conscious of it, the more we are occupied with things themselves, and not with their effect on others.

This brings us to education again; education forms the character, but society must have a high character to choose a high education. The snow will melt on the mountains when the weather grows warm; we shall have warm weather when the snow is melted on the mountains. Each waits for the other, and will wait for ever, unless those who see a little what is wanted throw themselves into the *mêlée*, and fight double-handed, — keeping off life with one hand, and beckoning on education with the other. Thus, gradually, they clear the field for the next generation. It is more difficult to choose the best details of education than of life, because education acts (so far as it regards purposes) for the future, and life for the present; in America, life moves with such breathless rapidity, that the purpose of to-day is a blank to-morrow. It is said that want of unity of credence proves a science to be in its infancy; that when the exact truth is reached, there can be but one credence. If we apply this to the science of education, we must suppose it to be in its swaddling-clothes in America, for no two persons you meet are likely to agree on any point. And there is perhaps more difference of opinion as to the education of women than of men. I would have a woman so educated that her husband could nowhere find a better friend, her children a more enlightened guide. She is man's companion in the universe. She has the same right to appreciate and enjoy it. If a sad necessity compels her in these times to become his fellow-laborer in active scenes, let her be so educated that she can do it with as little expenditure of strength as possible. Experience will soon show those who clamor so loudly to extend her sphere of action, that continuous labor is not for her; it will be to man an additional incitement to exertion to save her from that which nature forbids. He will think it essential that woman should be well provided for in his

scheme of life. A civilization which allows him to lead a life of pure thought, to revolutionize the world on $800 a year, and confines his wife to the kitchen and the needle, will not satisfy him. He will make woman's labor (if she must labor) light, not perplexing, — such as she can perform in the retirement of her home. Already this generosity of the American towards women is a national characteristic. Nowhere is the labor of woman so well rewarded in proportion to that of men. Here is a great problem of modern days which we can set right, and which I fully believe we shall set right; if not, it will be the fault of woman's friends more than her enemies, — of those who claim that

> "Le donne son venute in eccellenza
> Di ciascun' arte, ove hanno posto cura,"

and would urge them, therefore, to enter every field as competitors. They would take from woman two of the greatest advantages Heaven has given her: they would insist on her serving a hard apprenticeship to knowledge, when Heaven meant she should only receive and dispense the fruits of man's researches; and would demand from her a power of creation which she does not often possess, and which perhaps would unfit her for that enjoyment and enlargement which she gains through sympathy. They bid her, too, spend all she has gathered on the stranger, barter it away, valued or unvalued, when Heaven meant she should enrich with it those nearest her heart, or, at least, the orphan and the desolate.

While it remains doubtful whether woman's "clock is to be set for time or for eternity," whether she is to bloom in seclusion or stride along the highways of life, retain her natural proportions or be tortured into an exotic, there must be great differences of opinion as to education. We are more perplexed than Phineus, whom the gods compelled to see always a double Thebes in his horizon. We see all the cities of Europe, and would unite the peculiar accomplishments of each; fortunate if we find no enemies but time and space,

no innate incompatibility between them, — if, like colors brought together at random, they do not ruin one another, as all but nature's colors do.

There are two kinds of refinement: one which demands but little, makes but little ravage in the world; another barbaric, which demands the best of everything and finds nothing good enough, which lays waste whole fields for a pine-apple, which proves itself the true princess by feeling three peas under twenty feather beds. One is lovely in woman and easily attained in any circumstances, the other unlovely under whatever delicate phrases and lofty pretensions it is veiled. Does not every false or excessive refinement in outer things partake of this latter kind? Is it a genuine refinement not to be able to endure this, to have a horror of that, to ransack a continent for your table, or send across the seas for your wardrobe? Is it not ungenerous to make such a great hole in the world, to crush so many roses for one fragrant drop? If our women had more faith in character, and less in outward means, they would never lend their influence to the pursuit of wealth. Let them hear what one of their countrymen says about wealth.

"Wealth is a great means of refinement, and it is a security for gentleness, since it removes disturbing anxieties; and it is a pretty promoter of intelligence, since it multiplies the avenues for its reception; and it is a good basis for a generous habit of life; it even equips beauty, neither hardening its hand with toil, nor tempting the wrinkles to come early. But whether it provokes greatly that returning passion, that abnegation of soul, that sweet trustfulness, and abiding affection, which are to clothe your heart with joy, is far more doubtful."

A. C. L.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

Arctic Explorations. By Elisha Kent Kane, M. D., U. S. N. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. Boston Agents, Phillips, Sampson, & Co., 13 Winter Street. — The united patronage of human sympathies, scientific zeal, private munificence, and public spirit has enriched our literature with this superb work. It is already in the hands of thousands of fascinated readers. Apart from the direct information it conveys, and the encouragement it yields to the nobler sentiments of our common nature, it is an incidental good of no small value that it is one of those books which, by the twofold gratification they afford to the love of knowledge and the love of the marvellous, displace vapid productions, and supersede the disastrous appetite for fiction.

It is a rare advantage that we have the story of these thrilling enterprises and almost incredible hardships told us, not, as sometimes happens, by an illiterate and rude adventurer, but by a scrupulous and intelligent scholar, whose enthusiasm as a voyager and discoverer never bears him over the line between reality and romance, and who faithfully reports whatever his researches lay open, in every department of science. Not destitute of a poetic eye, and gifted with excellent powers of description, he carries us through those vast, imperial solitudes of the frozen North, with such emotions as might attend a journey through the fabulous domains of pure imagination; while, at every step, the interest is indescribably heightened by the perils of an actual expedition of living men, and the tragic elements involved in all the varied possibilities of human suffering. The reader often finds himself closing his eyes, and setting his teeth, and holding his breath, as if the Titanic jaws of icy caverns were just closing in upon his own body. Indeed, the sense of cold is kept up with such acuteness, as we traverse the tremendous snow-fields, and shiver on the ice-coasts, and watch through the awful Arctic nights, that — as somebody wittily said — all ordinary experience of cold (not to speak of the experience of the present writing, with the thermometer at 14° below zero) becomes tolerable, and one of the volumes quite serves as a substitute for a stove, to the great economy of fuel! The illustrations, engraved from drawings by Dr. Kane, three or four

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*** We regret the necessity of leaving out several of our critical notices, as well as some literary intelligence that we were anxious to give, and the usual Index to the Volume.

We are mortified to find that the Hebrew in Prof. Lewis' article is printed without the *points*, which were carefully written in his elegant MS. We will take care that the like shall not occur again.

We are obliged to lay over several valuable articles to our next No., which we *mean* to make the best No. we have ever issued.

The Index to the present Volume will be sent with the January Number.

We take the liberty of sending bills of indebtedness with the present No. to some of our subscribers who are in arrears. We have no agents out. The money can be remitted by mail, at our risk and expense. Prompt attention to this will greatly oblige and aid us in our plans to improve the Repository.